

PLAYBOY PRESENTS

FANTASIES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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GETTING TOGETHER

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How to Undress

A woman

usually wants the process leading up to those final moments of lovemaking to be long and drawn out. She wants the tempo to build. She wants to have attention paid to all parts of her self, physically and emotionally. She wants her body and her mind to be caressed until the boundaries disappear and she is simply a pulsing entity, with all of her being concentrated, committed to the moment. She wants to know that this is going to be an unhurried, voluptuous experience that will leave both people totally satisfied.

A man

enjoys the same things a woman enjoys. The wise man has learned to appreciate the pleasures that accompany shared disrobings and the mutual stimulation that takes place as pieces of attire are replaced with kisses. He likes hearing his name whispered and the other small sounds that start in her throat and escape through her parted lips. He is excited by her hands, smooth as silk against his dampish skin. He knows that the shortest route may not be the smoothest and takes care to make the journey as pleasant as the ultimate destination.





gently...





terrordly...







slowly...





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lovingly...

passionately.







when a weekend in
acapulco is not enough

Outwardly, she appeared to be a woman who had it all, the very definition of success. There was a high-powered job and the status that went along with it: fine clothes, a sports car, a luxury condominium. But she worked long days and all too many nights. Weekends were mere blips on the computer screen of her existence, never leaving her refreshed.

It had been exhilarating at first. Rising through the executive ranks to become successful in her career had been a challenge. But something was missing in her life. Nothing was feeding her spirit, her soul. Material

GETTING AWAY



possessions were not enough. There was no longer any passion in her existence, only routine. Perhaps worst of all, she feared that she was losing her identity as a woman. Life was too short for such sacrifice.

Being a wise woman who knew her limitations, she realized it was time to recapture something lost along the way. It seemed that living close to nature might restore balance, reignite the sense of wonder and spontaneity she missed. If so, changing her life was completely within her power. One night, after a particularly trying day, she dreamed of a beautiful, restful place and time. The ocean was like a lullaby, waves softly lapping against the shore. There was a vast expanse of beach composed of glistening, pure white sand. While the sun blazed in a lapis lazuli sky, the sand remained cool underfoot. As evening approached, the sky became a tantalizing parfait of rich sherbet hues. She could smell the ocean, its fresh, briny scent stirring memories and images in its wake.

She was spending a lazy afternoon at the beach. Warmed by the midday sun, she found a sandy promontory ringed by palms where she was totally alone. Reveling in this private retreat, she eagerly shed her clothing. Salty breezes swept across her naked body.

She gradually became aware of another presence. He had







been swimming, and his muscular body glistened. He asked if he could join her. She studied him as he approached, unafraid of saying yes to what she normally wouldn't do. He trembled with excitement as their kisses and caresses became more insistent, inciting him to a throbbing frenzy.

Still new to the ways of love and almost dizzy with desire, she gave herself to the moment. The stranger's passionate longings were fully released within her embrace. As they lay together in the fading sunlight, it felt as though her entire body was tingling with sensation. She felt electrified with energy, more alive than ever before.

Waking to the buzz of her alarm clock, she felt strangely calm and purposeful. She packed a single bag with only those things she felt essential. Conscious of the desire to rediscover passion, she carefully selected items with sensual textures or qualities. A lace dressing gown, silk stockings and lingerie. Her silver tea service would be a nice touch. Picking up the bag, she closed the door on her high-rise existence, her heart soaring.

Feeling ocean breezes against her forehead and smooth sand caressing her toes, the tension in her body all but dropped away. A soft tent provided shelter from the midday sun. She positioned her retreat close to the shoreline. Luxuriating in a newfound sense of freedom, she stretched contentedly across a satin





chaise lounge. Salty breezes stirred the filmy curtains of her seaside bower.

Far from city lights, the abundance of stars that filled the sky was sheer rapture. The constellations were so many and so brilliant, they illuminated her retreat with an ethereal glow.

Days passed quickly, accompanied by the comforting predictability of nature. Daybreak was heralded by a choir of chirping birds, punctuated by the squawk of seagulls in pursuit of breakfast. Each new day brought fresh delights to explore. There were shells and coral to gather with the ebb and flow of the tide. Swimming in the clear, azure waters offered a riot of tropical fish to observe. Early morning and late afternoon were perfect for sunbathing, and she quickly acquired a deep, golden tan.

The sun, sea and sand were sublime, but she began to feel a need for flesh-and-blood companionship. Feeling healthy and vital once more, her senses awakened with all the urgency of the tides. She longed for someone with whom she could share her paradise of crimson sunsets and aquamarine waters. She had fallen in love with the idea of staying forever.

She dreams of meeting a stranger, feeling the sun on her skin as she lies in his arms. She can almost taste the salt on his lips as she imagines deep, searching kisses.

It could happen here.







living
and
loving
in
plain
view

You say you're tired of the city. You say you want to breathe the fresh, clean air of the great Southwest. You say you want to go where there are horses to be ridden, cows to be punched, chores to be done, denim to be worn. You believe that Arizona, New Mexico and Texas are places where men are men and women are women, and no one has any doubt about it. You believe the myths of the Old West went hand-in-hand with a code of honor—that simple virtues weren't fads, that friendship was earned and cherished, that your word was better than your signature on a piece of paper and that a handshake was the moral equivalent of the notary public's seal. You envision a getaway far from the urban sprawl, where pleasures are simple and risqué behavior can take place out in the open air.

This scenario was conceived by the women, who wasted no time in turning their fantasy escapade into reality. Jane and Sue knew an adventure would add a little spice, a little chili powder, a little cactus and sage to their relationships. They convinced Dick and Bill to howdy on down with them to a New Mexico ranch for a spell, where

DICK
AND
JANE
AND
BILL
AND
SUE
DOWN
ON
THE
RANCH





they all could corral their thoughts and get a change of scenery and a change of clothes.

City attire gave way to more appropriate duds for wranglers: The girls were partial to flimsy petticoats, the guys to jeans. They all wore boots, which is the closest thing New Mexico has to a requirement for citizenship.

Out here, the air is dry and the sky is cloudless. Everyone understands the importance of wearing a hat—a custom that is even carried out indoors. The extended brim blunts the sun's rays and provides excellent rain protection. Most importantly, a cowboy hat can make you look like Sam Shepard or Jessica Lange—depending on your point of view. Sue and Jane know this, and Bill and Dick are catching on.

Sue liked hanging out by the split-rail fence, smelling the ocotillo and distracting Bill from his chores. Jane had a high time being slung over Dick's shoulder like a fresh bale of hay whose center of gravity was hard to find. Needless to say, Bill and Dick are enthusiastic participants in the high jinks. The sum total of this sort of behavior is referred to as horsing around.

Shade is an important commodity out here. The sun is hot, but under the eaves of the barn or in shad-





ows cast by the bunk house, it's a good ten degrees cooler. This is especially important to remember when time comes for the most practical of Southwestern customs, the siesta. Even cowboys and cowgirls get tuckered out. Jane and Sue lasso their men and give each other knowing winks as they break off into tidy pairs and hunker down for some serious relaxing out from under the sun.





DRIVE, SHE SAID

There are cars and then there are *cars*. If you aspire to basic transportation, that's very likely what you'll end up with: a place to sit while an engine pulls you across asphalt at or about the recommended speed limits. But if you're prone to vibrations of the road, if you're partial to the smell of leather stretched around metal, if your eye is seduced by the form of air-sculpted metal, you are after something very special indeed. Driving machines enter quite a different realm when the thinking that gives them rise exceeds its own limits. A designer can design a chassis, an engine, a drive train, a suspension, slip a polished metal skin over the whole thing and, if it is good, and beautiful, and works, it takes on an added quality not even the designer would have predicted. We call this quality the car's soul. It is because of this quality that cars

the lure of the macho machine



are feminine and men call them by the names of the women who are special in their lives.

We have a car before us that is a product of our mind's eye. We cannot picture such a car by itself. There is a woman who lives within its coachwork. She is opulent in her design as the car is opulent in its. We see this woman not so much as something in and of herself, but rather as a faint reflection of the sort of sensuality that awaits when we open the car door.

With a car like this, we need not kick the tires. Its bumpers are not meant to test the curb nor to be used when parking by ear.

Notice that the car has some blind spots, that its driver and passengers do not have a panoramic view of the surrounding scenery. We do not care where others are going. We are not out to see the sights. We





are consumed by the car itself: what it feels like, what its lines describe, how it seems eager to be moving even when it's standing still. We are exhilarated by the presence of power that can barely be contained.

In a car such as this, we are driven mostly by distraction. Cars have their own perfume, for example. It is a subtle and engaging combination of leather and *tabac*, with a little touch of rich crankcase oil for a top note. It's easy to get dreamy amidst the simmering, provocative smells that commingle between the dash and the seats, between the dials and the steering column, between the wheel and where you sit. Inside this atmosphere, you are your own manual transmission. Settling into the seat of a luxury car such as this makes the same sound as that of a woman crossing and recrossing her stocking-

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sheathed legs. You don't enter this car dressed in an ordinary way: You dress in what you think you'd look best in, something that complements the car.

Aerodynamics is the science that tracks how bodies move through a stream of air. The wind, it turns out, is very skilled at suggesting how clumsy blocks of matter can achieve curve and heft and grace. There is another reason why well-designed cars acquire a femininity. They have smooth lines, they bulge in attractive and sleek ways. They take the wind as though it were a hand exploring crevice and cranny and nook. They slice through life as though they owned the road, the road signs, the expressways and the on and off ramps. They move the way we wish we could, if we could only get inside their skin. Which we can, by opening the door and shutting it behind us.

the night the
campgrounds
moved

TENTING

It was a lodge in a mountain park. They came as strangers, expecting to find other people. She was meeting a college roommate who was arriving from another city. He had arranged to meet a friend from his home town. Neither one had showed up. She broke the silence first: "It looks like you've been stood up, too." He noticed that she had the most extraordinary face—firm jaw, challenging eyes, generous mouth—all framed by dark, impatient hair. When she paced the room, the movement of her body disturbed him. She sat down. She knew he was looking at her. The thought startled him. By nature he was shy and hesitant. Now he found himself almost choking with excitement. "We came here to go camping," he said. "My tent is pitched on the other side of the river. You're welcome to share it." She smiled and picked up her duffel. "Lead on, stranger," she said.

"Do you know what it is I love best about your body?"

"I don't think of it as 'my' body, I think of it as yours, too. Just as I think of 'your' body as mine."

"But let me tell you why I love yours, and then you can tell me why you like mine."



"Not yet! Don't move! Yes. Now you can—but not too fast!"
"How can I think when you do that? You promised you would wait until——"



"Until what? There are no promises here. You see? Just look what you've made me do. We have to start all over again."
"Suits me. This time, I'll be first."





"Slowly. I'm thinking. When did we last have food?"
"Let's not eat again until the next full moon. We can just stay here and do this."



"Now you know what I love about your body. It's here. It fits into mine. It belongs to me. It's perfect."
"Ditto."



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KISSING

exploring
erogenous
zones

There are a few things we know about kissing. (1) We are all amateurs when it comes to kissing. Kissing is not burdened to pay the rent, fix the plumbing or rotate the tires. Kissing is not littered with endorsements or commercials of any kind. (2) Kissing is an open event. We are all equals under kissing. Some of us







excel, of course, but this is because we practice. (3) There is no such thing as practice when it comes to kissing. (4) Even those who are bad at kissing can get points for being sincere. Actually, no one is really bad at kissing, it's just that some people kiss the way the people they are kissing really like it. This is where good communication skills come into play. (5) Kissing is taking your life in your hands and giving to someone else by way of your mouth. (6) Kissing has no set agenda. As famous bluesman Albert King was supposed to have said, "I

start kissing on a woman's neck and then

I develop amnesia."

(7) Kissing is unlike a planned vacation.

There are no proscribed stops nor are there any time limits. Most people who are in a sensible relationship start kissing each other on the mouths, but that is simply because their

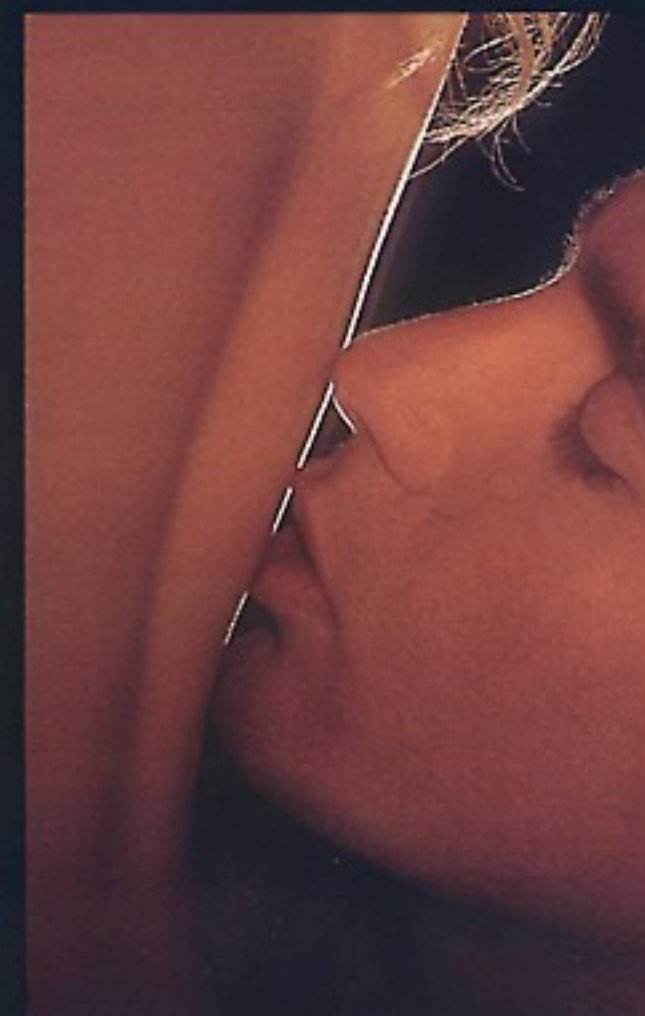
heads happen to be close together. They

may be of similar heights, and such behavior is reinforced by convention. But you

can start anywhere. And you can end up

anywhere. (8) Areas that are particularly

responsive to kissing include earlobes





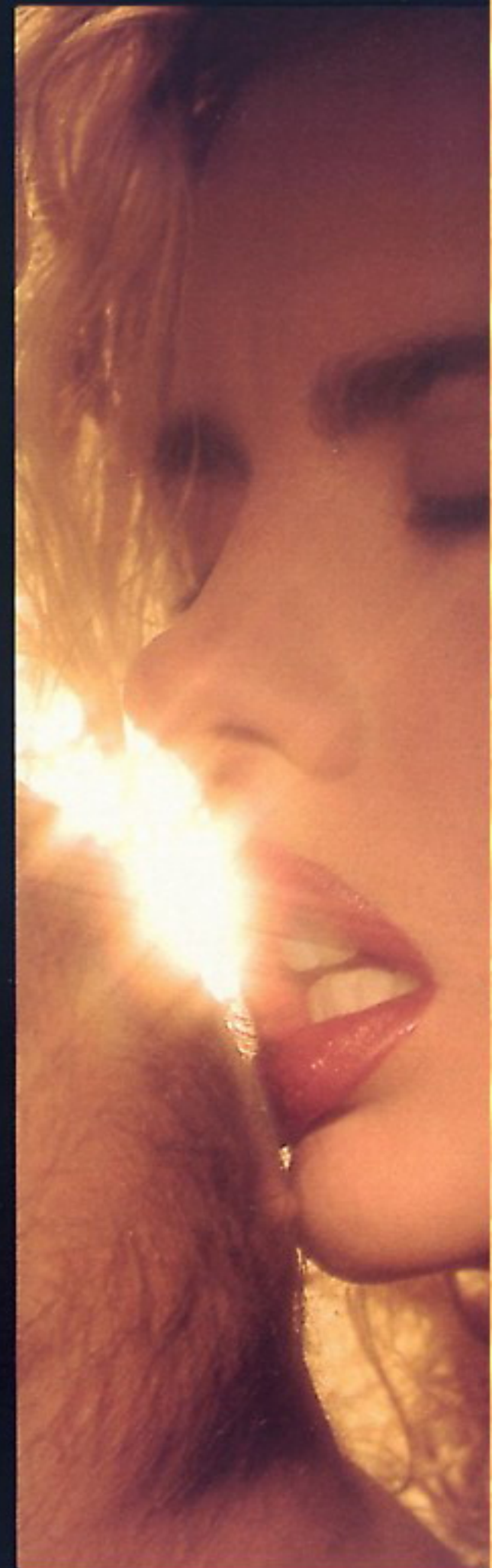


(goose bumps erupt often all over), the nape of the neck, eyebrows, shoulders, fingers, palms and the back of the knee. (9) In order to be able to kiss someone where you want to, you sometimes have to get into what would otherwise be an uncomfortable position. But in this context, that position is not only not-so-uncomfortable, but curiously attractive to the other person. (10) The best way to teach another person how to kiss is by example. (11) Things taste differently when you kiss them. The sensation has no equivalent or cor-

relative—not even food. (12) Hair—little tiny ones, long ones, blonde ones, dark ones, fine ones, thick ones—are things your mouth will have to get used to, if it isn't already.

(13) While kissing, it is not unusual to lose track of time. Don't be concerned. Time will return. (14) Kissing is a special sort of recreation. It is a kind of secular praying. (15) If something tickles, you don't have to tell the other person about it.

It is one of the few things in this world that is entirely up to you. (16) Don't be afraid to experiment. Nothing will break or explode.



THE NAKED TRUTH

tell it like it is: sex sells

We want to pay homage to the Kleins, Anne and Calvin. With the courage of their convictions, they've established advertising campaigns that should win the perfume wars. Recognizing that perfume is about sex, they use nude models with bare-facts slogans. This would be a better world if more people could be that honest. And wouldn't those print ads get our attention!



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OR WAS IT MY
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be
careful
with a
playful
spirit
offering
three
wishes



Genie AND HER BOTTLE OF TRICKS

As soon as he walked in the door, Norman noticed the bottle on the coffee table, reflecting the light in a curious way; bright and clear, it seemed to beckon him. He hadn't seen it yesterday when he moved in; he could have sworn it wasn't there. Moving toward it, he loosened his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, trying to shake off the day like dirty clothing. It had been a lousy one; his boss had been in a foul mood, his car needed new brakes and he was worried about his little sister, who had inexplicably started dyeing her hair green. At least he had a new apartment; now, if only he could have a few more of life's treasures: a new car, a little success, a woman—yes, a woman with hips and breasts and soft-as-velvet lips. Norman rubbed his hands over his face and sighed.

The bottle was warm and smooth to touch; it fit nicely into his hand and he stroked it, wondering again where it was from. He realized it was growing warmer, almost hot, and as he looked at it closely, small clouds

of smoke began pouring from the top. Dropping it, he stepped back sharply and covered his eyes, imagining that it would explode, sending sharp, glittering fragments into his skin. He ducked his head and waited. There was silence, then a rustle and the quiet sound of breathing. He opened his eyes slowly and felt his mouth drop open stupidly. A woman stood in front of him, a woman dressed like the genie from that old television show but infinitely more beautiful. She stood there gravely, blonde hair pulled tightly back from her face and cascading from a sparkling band onto her shoulders. A skimp of diaphanous material barely covered breasts that were like ripe, creamy peaches, and a jeweled cummerbund encircled her tiny waist. Legs that seemed to go on forever were slightly hidden by a fall of chiffon, and they moved a little, toward him.

Norman took off his glasses and then put them back on. "Who are you?" he asked, his voice shaking.

The genie-woman smiled and flicked her fingers at him. "Who would you like me to be?" she asked in a lilting voice like honey, like melting butter. "I am here to fulfill three wishes—just ask, and it shall be yours."

Genie watched his eyes widen, his mouth splitting into a little smile. She hoped he might be different from the others; they were all so typical with their mundane wishes. Things, they all wanted things, and when she played her games, their faces became tight and their eyes narrowed.

"I feel like I'm in a sitcom," Norman said. "Do I really get three wishes?"

"Three," said Genie. "Think about them carefully."

"I've always wanted one of those little sports cars," Norman mused. "Ferraris—fast as hell



and with good brakes."

"Fine," Genie said. She rolled her eyes and sighed inwardly. Then she smiled mischievously and folded her arms. "You shall receive your wish. Hold out your hand and close your eyes."

Norman shut his eyes tightly and extended his hand. Genie looked at his long fingers, the deeply lined palms and for a minute felt a flash of guilt; he looked like a child, with his long eyelashes and vulnerable mouth.

"You may look now," she said, and laughed, a trickling sound that pleased and irritated him as he looked at the tiny model Ferrari in his hand.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"It's your little sports car," Genie replied. She covered her mouth and tilted her head like a young girl, glancing at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"Is this a joke? What kind of genie are you? Where's my car?" Norman brought the diminutive car close to his face and glowered at Genie. She was staring at him soberly, but there was an expression deep in her eyes, and he burst into laughter. "All right, all right," he said. "Let's go on to number two. Maybe you'll do better with something more universal, like money." He peered at her. "The Ferrari might be over your head."

"Whatever you wish, Master." She considered telling him about her two Ph.D.'s. It wasn't worth it, she thought, and tossed her hair so that it flew around her like a wave of gold. Her breasts bounced lightly with the movement, and she could see Norman watching them. "Your request, O Sir?"

Norman forced himself to concentrate. "I'd like to be in with the big boys," he said. "You know, power, huge corporations, my own casino. Something along those lines. No credit limit, liquid cash flow, like tap water."

"Fine," Genie said. "You must close your eyes and hold out your arms." She glanced around his apartment; it was sparsely furnished and dull, except for the photographs on the coffee table. There was a picture of a young woman who resembled Norman, with heavily lashed, dark eyes and a shy grin. She wasn't wearing glasses, though, and Genie imagined slowly taking off Norman's glasses, perhaps running a finger along those thick eyebrows. Foolishness, she thought, and folded her arms.

Norman suddenly felt a heavy weight in his arms, and he snapped open his eyes. He held a long, rectangular box. "What's this? It's full of money, right?"

"It is your wish," Genie murmured.

Norman looked at her suspiciously, and opened the box. "What the hell. . . . This is a game, the Trump game! You have to be kidding. I know this is a dream. I'm going to wake up sweating. This is as bad as my sister's green hair." Dropping the box, he twisted his mouth and chuckled. "So much for wishes and magic genies. What do you do for an encore?"

"You have a final wish, Master."

"I had better be careful about what I ask for." Norman looked ruefully at the Trump game on the floor, its cards scattered around and Trump's miniaturized face staring up at him like a tiny corpse. "Well, women," he said. "I want women, a couple, no, hell, how about a few. If they could all look like you, that would make my day."

Genie was surprised to feel a hot jolt of jealousy. She forced herself to smile. "You'll have to come into the bedroom for that," she said, and walked toward the bedroom door, her hips swaying gently.

Norman followed nervously. He watched the way she moved

and resisted the urge to stroke the curve of her waist. When he saw his bedroom, he gasped. Where his bed had been were huge, brightly colored pillows. Candles filled the room, casting shadows on the walls. Genie turned to him, saying, "Now close your eyes, Master, and your wish will be fulfilled."

"No tricks this time, please. I can't take anymore."

"Of course not," she laughed softly.

When Norman opened his eyes, he found himself lying on the pillows, surrounded by three gorgeous women, all resembling Genie. He looked at them more closely. They were exact replicas. "I give up," he said, and reached out to touch a firm, rounded breast, but it disappeared as his hand approached it, and all he was touching was air. He tried to touch another genie, aiming for the swell of her hip. Again she vanished, elusive as a shadow on the wall.

"What is going on here?" The women reappeared, only to dissolve whenever he attempted to touch them. Norman looked around the room. "Where are you?" he shouted. "Where's the genie who did this—which one are you? I want the real one, the one who was here."

There she was, kneeling before him, eyes gleaming in the candlelight, her lips full and moist. "Here I am, O Sir," she said. She leaned forward and pulled off his glasses. "If you ask me to remove your sister's green hair, I will—no tricks." She pushed him gently onto the pillows and leaned over him, her hair tickling his face. "You don't really want all of those things, do you?" she teased, running a fingernail along his lips.

"No," Norman said, almost inaudibly. "I want you. That's my wish: you."

"Fine," Genie said. "Your wish is granted."





The Bride

she's just an
old-fashioned girl

We met in a departure lounge at Los Angeles International. He dropped his case on my foot. Boy, was I mad! He said he was an exchange student from France, and I asked him: What did the French get in exchange for you—Godzilla? Like, give me a break, dude. Here I am, standing up all day, and this clown comes out of nowhere and half cripples me. My friend Tracy, she's with me. Her dad's this big-time attorney, right? And she says I should sue him or have him arrested. He was so embarrassed. He's like: Can I get you some water? Please let me see your foot. I am a *docteur*. Yeah, *docteur* is what he says. And Tracy right away thinks he's some kinda pervo and starts looking for the security guy and I'm like, Whoa, Trace, because the moment I see what's in this guy's eyes, the last thing I want is to see some ditz with a badge and a gun hustling him off to the slammer. So I try to be nice to the guy. Hey, he's an alien, right? Maybe they do things different where he comes from. He's in America, so what does he know? But while I'm thinking all this, I'm checking this guy out, and he is my idea of perfect. He's not shouting, OK? He's not getting all bent out of shape, he's not trying to get lost in the crowd. I can see the top of his head when he looks at my foot. Then he takes it in his hand and I feel this, like, electric charge go shooting from my toes to my nose and I'm thinking: What is going on here? This is all news to me. I mean, I've done the lambada, I cry at the movies, I know what real feelings really feel like. But this is a major traumatic shock wave. And I can see it's the same for him, too! We're, like, standing in the middle of a million strangers in L.A. airport, and we're falling for each other without knowing each other's names. So we go to a coffee shop in the terminal. He forgets about his flight. I tell Tracy to take off without me. She goes: Are you sure about this? Trust me, I tell her. Get lost. And Romain—that's his name, don't you love it?—sits me down and asks me to tell him my life story. No joke! He says he wants to know everything. So I start telling him, but then it turns out he's just like a normal American-type guy because what he really wants to know is, do I have a boyfriend? And naturally, I tell him no because, as it happens, the only guy I am seeing on a fairly regular basis is Brendan and, compared to Romain, Brendan is about as interesting as warm yogurt. So how about you? I ask him, and it turns out he's not even dating. He says he's been too busy working on his master's. He's, like, training to be a brain surgeon. I felt like telling him he could work on my brain any time he wanted—or any other part of me, come to that—but I just said: Uh-huh, like, I'm not impressed. This all happened six months ago. Now we're getting married. I'm wearing his mother's wedding dress, and Tracy's my matron of honor. I've got two presents for Romain. First, there's this totally astounding lingerie my mom gave me for my bridal trousseau. He'll like that because it comes to pieces when you pull the lace string. The second gift I figure will surprise him even more. See, he's always, like, assumed I've had a lot of experience with guys and I guess I have, but the fact is—and not even Tracy knows this because I've always pretended I've done everything there is to do—I've been saving the last part for someone special. That's my wedding present to my new husband.



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FOOD FOR LOVE

romance came with the groceries

I've just got to tell you what happened. It started when I was at the grocery store with my friend Marci. We were in the produce section, and I was squeezing the tomatoes when I saw him. He looked right at me. And he smiled. I couldn't believe it! So Marci nudged me and I smiled back. But I couldn't say anything. I was tongue-tied. We moved down the aisle and kept on shopping. Marci laughed at me, but then she always does. She's my best friend.

Marci was finished in the check-out line first. She went to arrange for the groceries to be delivered, since her car's on the fritz. I don't have one yet. That's OK. They seem to be more trouble than they're worth, anyway. When we left the store, he caught my eye and smiled at me again. This time, I got bold and I waved. Marci's always telling me I never take enough chances.

It was kind of immature, I guess, but I talked about him all the way home. Marci just listened. She had the funniest smile on her face, like that time when she was planning my surprise party. I didn't pry, though. Sometimes a woman's got to have a secret or two.

Until she's ready to share it with her best friend.

When I got home, I changed clothes, watered the plants and polished my toenails. I was pooped! Sometimes I just get that way. I read that happens when you have a lot of energy and not enough to do. Anyway, I just wanted to put my feet up and read the new *Glamour*. I couldn't keep my eyes open.

The doorbell rang. I'd forgotten about the groceries! Jeez! I ran to the door, opened it and who do you think I saw? *Him!* I could have died right there!

I didn't, of course. I tried to be like Myrna Loy. But I couldn't think of anything cool and suave to say.

"Hi."

Great, huh? I swear he gave me the old once-over. But he's so cute, I didn't mind at all. I drank him in like a cool iced tea on a hot desert morning. (I've always wanted to say that!) Finally, he said, "Can I come in?"

"Sure."

"Anytime soon?"

I was standing right in the middle of the doorway! Ha!





"Of course you can come in," I said. And stay as long as you like, I thought.

"Where do I put these?" he asked.

"Put what?"

"The groceries."

"Oh. Right this way." Well, maybe I'm no Myrna Loy, but I sure was beginning to sound like Mae West! I hoped he didn't think I was being too forward.

He followed me into the kitchen with the bags. I guess he didn't see the papier-mâché cow doorstep that was sticking out in front of the kitchen door. I found it in a catalog. It was so cute I had to have it. Anyway, he tripped over it and dived onto the kitchen floor. I'm glad I cleaned it yesterday! Groceries flew all over the place. I mean, it was raining produce and dairy, for God's sake!

"Are you all right?" I asked him.

He was sitting on the floor, rubbing his elbow. "I think so," he said.

I knelt down next to him. As he moved his head up to look at me, our

faces were about three inches apart. I could even feel him breathing on me! I imagined us kissing. It was a good kiss, too. I wondered if he was thinking the same thing. His eyes got kind of goopy-looking. I read somewhere that if a guy's pupils dilate when he looks at you, it means he likes you, so I guessed I was in good shape.

Well, after our almost-kiss, I had to stand up. I was dizzy. I looked back at him and he was staring at me!

"Let me help you," I said.

"With what?" he asked.

"The groceries!" Oh, my God, he was making a joke of what I'd said to him before! I love a man with a sense of humor.

We got to work picking up everything from the floor. It was just my luck to grab the cucumber. I mean, how obvious can you get? Things like that are always happening to me. I don't know why. I started to laugh. I couldn't stop.

Then it was his turn. He went for the





peaches and sort of lifted his eyebrow at me. I could feel myself blushing!

"Do you like peaches and cream?" I managed to say, picking up a carton.

"How can I refuse?" he asked.

"I'll fix some," I said, standing up. I don't know if it was the tension in the room or the enormity of the situation or what, but I spilled cream on his jacket. There it was, dribbling down and over onto his shirt. It's funny, but he didn't seem to notice. Or mind.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'll take that off for you."

"Whatever you say," he said. "I'm in your hands."

So he handed me the jacket and I got a towel. The spots came right out with a little soap and water. Then it was time for his shirt. I put a little more water on the towel and took a couple of steps toward him. You know how, when you're excited, the room seems to get longer and longer, about the size of a football field, and everything goes into

slow motion? That's what happened.

I finally reached him and stood in front of him. He was definitely enjoying this. And so was I! I noticed that he's just the right height. I started dabbing away at the spots on his chest. And what a chest! I do love a man who's in peak physical condition.

It was weird. There wasn't a sound in the apartment, just the two of us breathing. I could even hear his heartbeat!

He slowly brought his arms up from his sides and wrapped them around my waist. I put my arms around him. Then he kissed me! We kissed for the longest time.

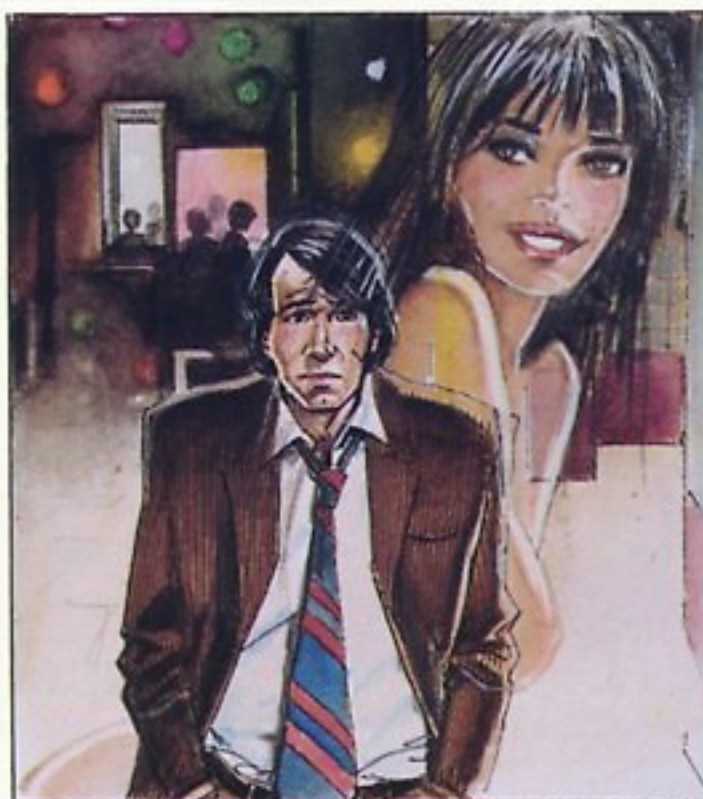
Then I did something *really* bold. I took his hand and led the way to my bedroom.

My dream was interrupted by the doorbell. I'd forgotten about the groceries! Jeez! I ran to the door, opened it and who do you think I saw? *Him!* I could have died right then!



FUMETTI

Horacio Altuna









SUNNY DISPOSITIONS



It's good sometimes just to get off the boat. Sure, some may figure it a kind of mental mutiny; and it is. But so what? Plans change—that was then, this is now. Are we not the captains of our fates? If so, then it is our prerogative to jump ship and wade off to a deserted shore. Drop the anchor of discipline and predictability and jump into forgiving waters where your toes may not even touch bottom.

Let's say you are ready to acknowledge that the sun really does transform people. It's true, after all: If you lay in the sun long enough, certain disruptive thoughts start to occur. These thoughts are anarchistic and new and are not the ones you brought with you when you started this trip. Even though your eyes are closed you see things: dots, squiggly things with tails on them, barely



formed sea horses that dart about as on a computer screen. You begin to see yourself differently. And the people you've come with. The sun seeps into your pores and changes your disposition. Your skin warms with healing, it crackles with emotional electricity. You put it in water and it sizzles. You put it next to another person's skin and it seems as though it's preparing a sort of adhesive. Your entire body changes its tune.

That's when you should gather with friends and see to what new tribe you now belong. You reacquaint yourself, by means of the sun, with the

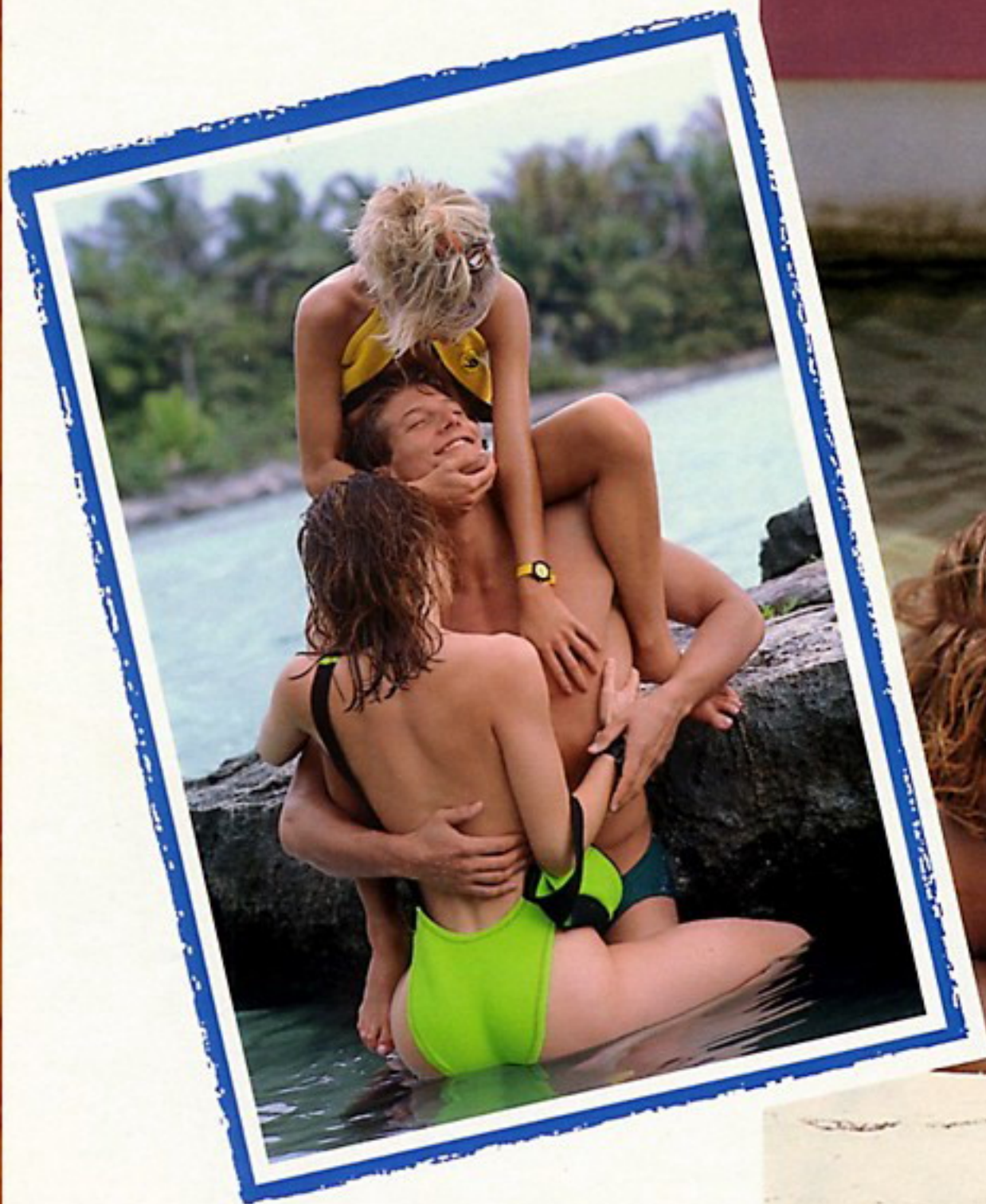


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invisible hairs on the sensitive acreage of your skin. You feel, finally, the mantle of your day job slip from your shoulders. You huddle with your fellow tribesmen and conspire to make up the new rituals that you will pass on to no one. You listen to each other's skin, listening for the messages that you know preceded speech. You float, making no waves. Waves indicate direction, but you are direction-free. You drag your feet in the water, noticing again that your toes are small and clumsy fingers. You find something funny about almost everything.



One of the features of sun is that in its presence, you approach the quality of sleep-walking, a sort of sun-ambulance. It is a restfulness that is entirely, however, alert. You replenish by being receptive; you restore by holding on to your letting go. This is what is known as acquiring a sunny disposition, and it is recognizable to those who share it and is envied by those who don't. It starts, as we have seen, by getting off the boat. It is nurtured by finding a new and distant shore. It is remembered because your skin and her skin now smell like toast.



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